HAINES HOUSE

WOMEN AND MISSIONS
October 1933

Worth While

By Emma Jackson

The following little sketch of one of the many young people whose lives are changed by the mission schools of our church is sent by Miss Emma A. Jackson, for many years superintendent of Haines House for orphan children in Alaska. Miss Jackson says: "Marian and I were more than acquaintances—we were understanding friends. Knowing what she has done for the young women in the village and for the members of the Alaska Sisterhood, I long to let others know how worthwhile it is to carry the message to the needy, neglected souls for whom Christ died."

THREE weeks after the opening of Haines House for the reception of children, a tall, handsome Indian called, accompanied by his five children.

"I am a Christian and I want my children to be Christians, too. My wife died, and my daughter cannot take care of so many. Will you help me?"

We decided to take Beatrice and Florence, and advised Mr. Wilson to take Gilbert to Sheldon Jackson school.

When the little ones were settled, Marian, who was holding Matthew (eighteen months old), looked up with pleading eyes. "I want to go to school. I have just finished third grade. Won't you take Matthew?"

My heart ached for the big sister who had mothered Matthew all his life. But our work was new and we had no facilities for caring for babies, so I had to say no. But I assured Marian that her turn would come.

Two years later the father married and took the baby to his new home, and Marian went to Sheldon Jackson School.

From the first she was happy, helpful and faithful. She won the respect of her teachers and made steady progress. She never lost a sense of responsibility to the younger children—her early training gave her that.

Four years ago Marian graduated from Sheldon Jackson School and we secured her as supervisor in Haines House. Her work was exceptionally good. She taught a class of boys in Sunday school and helped in the women's auxiliary. Her outstanding work outside of the House was the Westminster Guild, which she organized and led for four years. Her first furlough she spent in Washington University, doing special work. Her sister is a promising student in Asheville Normal School.

In March Marian was called to higher service. I am sure she heard the voice of her Savior saying, "Well done! Enter into the joy of thy Lord."

At Haines House

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such a change could be made in so short a time, she said. He was clean, well nourished, and, most surprising of all, he sat quietly through the entire service. It was extraordinary, because even at four years he had become a problem in his home town. It is such little ones that we love to gather and care for in the name of the Master, who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

The Daniel Curtiss Memorial School

By Emily T. Minor

Miss Minor, now honorably retired from the Western India Mission, still finds a large part of her heart in the field where she gave so many busy, fruitful years.

THIS very plain looking building is the Daniel Curtiss Memorial School building in Ratnagiri, India. The people in front of the school are the schoolteacher, his wife, and a few of the children. The school numbers fifteen or twenty, but in days of sowing or harvesting grain, the attendance is smaller, as all must work.

These are poor people, some of India's Untouchables, but they are anxious for their children to have an education. Both the teacher and his wife came from this class of society, but they now, educated and Christian, are living among these people and helping as opportunity offers.

THE SCHOOL AND THE PUPILS

All the teaching in the school is in the Marathi language, and during the thirty years of its existence, the boys have been taught through four grades—which is all that is required for village schools.

The school was always regularly visited by a member of the Municipal School Educational Board of Ratnagiri town, and the children examined in their studies and promoted according to their passing. One of the boys, in the years when I worked there, educated up to high school, was made a member of the municipal school board of Ratnagiri town, where he sat among high caste men.

As the boys of this school grew up they had to go to work. Some of them went to Bombay, where, as they could read and write, they could find positions. During the war, some went overseas. There are as many possibilities for development and advancement in the Untouchable children as in any children anywhere. But only the missionaries would lower themselves (in the estimation of some high caste Hindus) enough to teach the Untouchables, and, as a result, there are many from this class who have become eminent teachers, lawyers and doctors. The Congregational mission, in their more than a century of work among Marathi-speaking people, and the Presbyterian missions, have raised up a large number of these well educated, often prominent people.

But why call this building the "Daniel Curtiss Memorial School"? During the lifetime of Mrs. Walter Curtiss, learning that as a schoolboy in Parker Academy, her son, Daniel, was one of my pupils, she gave me a check for fifty dollars in his memory. I determined to start a fund for a proper school building for these children. What had they used all these years? Only such a building as is used in this country to shelter animals in the field—a building of four corner posts, a grass roof, and a floor of earth. In the rainy season it was necessary to protect the sides with matting, as wind and rain were strong. Fifty dollars did not build this comfortable building, but it served as the nucleus for a building fund.

The school is of stone from a near-by quarry, the roof is tiled, and inside are closets for books and slates. All woodwork is of material that white ants cannot destroy. In front of the building is enough ground for Boy Scout drill. The school has been in use for a year, and is a source of great comfort and pride to all interested in the erection of it.

A Marked Bible

FOR many years the missionaries labored and prayed for a pastor for the Chinese Church of Cebu in the Philippine Islands. Rev. Sy Eng Kiat arrived in April and has taken over the responsibility. A prayer meeting is held once each week in the home of some member of the church, and a Sunday school, under the direction of one of the missionaries, has a membership of forty-two. Old Lady Kang has a very much worn Bible on her table. In looking through it, one notes various peculiar marks. When asked about the little red dots, she replied: "When I get a blessing or a new lesson, I mark it thus." Almost every page had its marks. A ring around other passages was explained, "My secret with God."

A PASTORAL SCENE IN ALASKA

At Haines House

Haines House, at Haines, Alaska, is the Presbyterian Mission home of over half a hundred native children from four to twelve years of age. They attend the government school and receive extra training at the mission home in Christian living. Miss Harriet A. Lawrence is the director. The following account is culled from a recent report.

WE in Alaska are comparatively fortunate in the present economic situation. In 1932 there was no curtailment in the government educational or medical services, and while the natives had little work and little money, they were able to obtain their winter's food and fuel. During the year the Red Cross distributed flour to the very needy.

Because of the lack of money, the tuition receipts of Haines House fell off a bit; also there were more applications for us to take children than we could answer. The ministers in many of the villages were much concerned because the children we could not accept were transferred to a Catholic home which was opened recently in Skagway.

Last year we had in school from our Haines House a total enrollment of fifty-six. All of the children attended Sunday school, of course, and eight made a declaration of faith in their Savior during the year.

All of the children are intensely interested in mission study, too. Before Thanksgiving they studied the different national mission stations for children, and on their own initiative several gave up their candy for several weeks to make a gift to the work. Other children worked to earn more money and gave it to the Board of National Missions at the annual praise service. Before Christmas we studied about the children in foreign lands, and again they tithed their small gifts and worked that they might have more to give.

The workers at Haines House participate in all the religious work, and the evening worship service is always devoted to memory work and habit talks based on Bible stories and missionary stories. On Sunday evenings different members of the staff gather the older children in a Light Bearers Society. The eight young people who expressed the desire to give their hearts to Jesus did so as the result of the Easter season talks about what it means to be a Christian. It was thought best, because of the youth and inexperience of these young Christians, to have them make a declaration of their faith in church rather than to be taken in as active church members.

As an example of the change that is wrought in their lives when they come to Haines House, perhaps the story of little Charles will be interesting.

Little Charles, four years old, came to us last May. He and his father are the only survivors of a family of six. The other three children succumbed to influenza because of lack of care, and the mother died of tuberculosis.

When Charles was brought to us, his father was already in the hospital and the little boy was living with his grandmother. As she had to work in the cannery during the summer and lived on a scow, she wrote that it was impossible for her to care for him.

Although his physical heredity was not good, Charles seemed bright and sturdy. But it was soon evident that he had had absolutely no training—it took one person's entire time to look after him! However, the little lad soon fell in line with the other children. So well has he prospered that this fall, when some teachers from his old home were in town and one of them came to see him, the visitor could not believe that he was the same boy. It did not seem possible that

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Haines

A BAG RACE AT HAINES IS FUN!

What Haines House Does

By Harriett Lawrence

Miss Lawrence is director of Haines House in Alaska, the home of fifty native children from four to twelve years of age.

WHAT would you think of a community where seven mothers of over fifty children had to carry on the only church or religious work in two villages twenty miles apart, and an army post besides? "God pity that community, to say nothing of those children and their neighbors!" I think I hear you say.

That was our situation a year ago, when it was decided that our pastor should be sent to another seemingly more needy field. For when, because of finances, one station must be left vacant, Haines was chosen, for "Don't they have the Haines House staff there? The staff surely could look after the church between calls of the *Princeton* and its missionary captain and lay worker, Rev. Mr. Swanson and Mr. Wanamaker." (And let me add that the two men were most faithful in making their monthly calls even when travel was dangerous because of the rough weather.)

So each member of the Haines House staff, although already holding a full-time task—seven workers caring for fifty-two small children—attempted this extra work. And, as always when you approach it, that impossible mountain just disappeared!

Our "Mother" of twenty-five boys, who was already superintendent of the Sunday school, somehow found more time to prepare a longer worship service which took the place of the morning church service. Then, because of scarcity of workers, we combined the native and the white school and found we had a much more wideawake and interesting one than the two had been.

Our "Mother" of twenty-eight girls was one of a committee of two to attempt the seemingly impossible task of finding some one in the community willing and capable of leading the evening service. And what was our surprise to find many a light that had been hidden under a bushel! Moreover, we found our attendance increasing. People were

finding enjoyment in doing the work they had formerly been too content to let our pastor and his wife do.

Then came a request for a choir of native young people. Our Miss Erma Baronovitch had just come from Sheldon Jackson School where she had received excellent training in music, and she had unusual talent in both piano and voice. Now the most that the majority of these young people possessed was a desire to sing. They were entirely untrained and some could not read English, to say nothing of reading music. But there was no trouble getting them to come to practice—the difficulty was in getting them to go home! They so enjoyed coming over to Haines House after church or choir practice to listen to the radio or look at magazines.

The choir proved a successful rival to the pool hall, the only place for them to go outside their very unattractive homes. And when one young man on the Fourth of July fell a victim to the ever-present temptation of drink, his lament was, "It's no use trying again, for now they won't want me at the Home." When he was told that of course he could come again, but that his action brought sorrow to us, he decided it was his task to conquer that temptation.

Nor were the choir's activities limited to singing. When a ditch had to be dug to let out the water that was flooding the basement of the church, an all day celebration was planned. The men dug the ditch, the young women gave the church the most thorough cleaning it had experienced in years, and at noon they all came over to the house for a dinner prepared by the kitchen helpers here, who of course had already served their usual family of sixty. It was a good dinner, too, if one could judge by their evident pleasure in eating it.

Our nurse, Miss Blanche Horner, as always has continued to look after the health of the children by daily inspection and bi-weekly lamp treatment. She also found time to help the Government teacher in community work among the natives, and to assist the post doctor in his surgical and other cases.

Then one day there was a death in our midst. Our native friends took it for granted that I would take charge of the funeral. Now I couldn't fail them, and when my courage almost failed me, my help through many an emergency came to my mind, "As thy day so shall thy strength be." So that crisis passed.

But perhaps the greatest sacrifice was in this: Some one must do the calling that our pastor and his wife had always done to keep in touch with the community. Yet the only time our workers could spare was on the one day a week when they were relieved from duty here at the home. And with a house full of children one does need that relaxation and rest. But they cheerfully gave up many of their free days, and enjoyed the calls, too.

ONE OF OUR HELPERS

You ask what about those fifty-odd children—weren't they neglected? We have often seen children whose mothers were too busy doing church work. Now mothers, as you know, are often blind where their children are concerned, so I will give you the statement of an uninterested person:

Our children go to the Government school, for in Alaska the Territory of Alaska provides schools for the white children and the Government for the

natives. Haines House children make up about two-thirds of the enrollment of our school. Last winter the Bureau of Indian Affairs sent up an expert on curriculum to investigate the schools and if possible make them more practical for our people. She came in the middle of the term, suggested some projects, sent in some new supplies and a great number of new books. Never was school so attractive! The different projects were just like play, and those new books were in constant demand. And proud we were when she returned at the close of the term to give some achievement tests, and found that our school ranked the highest and that we had more accelerated pupils than all the other schools in Southeastern Alaska combined. "Why," she said, "they act like normal, wideawake children! This school would compare favorably with a public school in the States. Much of the credit must be due to the mission, the training their children receive and the care they give to their health."

The development of our farm and its influence in the community is a story in itself. Our own beloved Dr. S. Hall Young, in his early days in Alaska, with his clear vision of the needs of the people, felt that they should be taught farming or at least to grow vegetables. Why be restricted in food to wild game, fish and berries in a country where the vegetation is almost tropical in its luxuriousness? Think of living on berries when this land will produce forty-pound cabbages, strawberries, six to a box, and rutabagas, one large enough for a family meal!

So he suggested to the Board of National Missions that some dwellings be put up on the mission property that our people might use and to which, after meeting certain requirements, they might obtain deed. His plan did help by lifting their standards of living, but they were not farmers. When the first spring days came they were off making dugout canoes, to be ready for the first run of fish, and then all summer long they were fishing and later working in the canneries.

Little by little, however, they acquired a taste for the white man's vegetables. First they planted a little garden of early vegetables, then they asked our farmer, Mr. Swets, how they might obtain some seed potatoes, and were delighted when he suggested he plow their garden in exchange for some work from them. Now many of them have gardens, coming in from the cannery often enough to care for them. One man even made a garden at the cannery.

We have demonstrated, too, that a dairy is practical up here, that a silo can be used, that hay can be cured, and—that almost unheard of luxury in Alaska! —fresh milk may be enjoyed. What a formidable foe for the prevalent devastating tuberculosis!

With our own children this training is made even more intensive. You should hear some child persuading a newcomer to eat his spinach, his lettuce or his cabbage. "No, I didn't like it when I first came, either, but look at me eat it now." And with what pride they take you to their own individual garden with its potatoes, rutabagas or lettuce growing along with nasturtiums, sweet peas or pansies. How much better vegetables taste from one's own garden! Surely these little folks will never be content again with only dried berries, served with fish oil, during the long winter season when they have seen how vegetables can be grown and canned.

This summer—I am sure it was in answer to our prayers and those of our many friends—we had a minister once more. There was an enthusiastic group to meet him and to promise him support in going forward to greater community service in the coming year.

Recently a request came that I write you something about where your missionary money goes. And this is to answer such queries. Not to be boastful—how could one be when we see so many, many places where we fall far short of what might be done?—but that you, our friends and coworkers, may know a little of what we have been permitted to do as your representatives; and to assure you what your cooperation, your help and your prayers have done to bring the more abundant life of Christ, the Savior, to these people of His in Alaska.

HAINES HOUSE, Haines, Alaska - MISSIONARY MAIL, September 1935

With the Boys and Girls at Haines House

HAINES HOUSE boys and girls have a good time the year round, but from these two compositions written for MISSIONARY MAIL friends, we think they must like vacation time and camping best. What do you think?

Vacation Time at Haines House

We have lots of fun on vacation times. We pick berries and we have picnics and we go walking. When we walk we like to eat fire weed sprouts. We call it Indian hash. It tastes just like bananas when you put it in soapberry ice cream. We eat wild celery, too. We do everything at the Haines House.

Working in the Garden at Haines

Our teachers read to us so that we can learn about other people.

We had a picnic on the last day of school. We go to the government school and it closed on May 29. We had a very good time. We played games and we ran races. On our vacation days we play until the grown-ups are through eating supper and sometimes we stay out longer. There are swings, slides and teeter-totters. It sunshines and sometimes it rains.

We planted flowers and they are coming up.

This is a quiet hour now the little girls are taking their naps and the big girls are in the reading room writing.

Haines, Alaska, is a little town.

We have a nurse at this home. Her name is Miss Horner and she makes them well and she gives them medicine to keep us well.

We have worship and after we have our supper, Auntie makes us good.

And this is the end of my story of the home.

Why I Wanted to Join the Camp Fire

I like to be a Camp Fire girl because we go hiking and have a picnic and council fire. And we learn nature flowers, trees, and other things. We go camping sometimes and have fresh air and help people. We do good things and have a good time. And we're nice and healthy and we have health charts and I like to do what it says in the chart. And we get shells and rocks and send them away to people and we learn lots of things. And it's fun to earn our dollar by doing washing or ironing for others. And I like to work for my honor. And we make our bands and we do bead work. And we have a dizine on our band and we have Indian names that stand for muscle or joy and other things and we get rings but we work for it. We get a pin, too, and we learn lots of camp fire songs. We light candles and we say a verse for Work, Health, Love. We have three candles in a row. We learn about all kinds of disease and we do, oh, lots and lots of things. That is why I like to be a Camp Fire girl.

Japan's Friends in Illinois

IN OSWEGO, Illinois, the Juniors have been studying Japan. They have used the missionary study books and have already sent a good contribution to the Board for the work in Japan, and they promise to send more. The children themselves have brought in news items of interest concerning that country, which may be included in their very own newspaper, *The Japanese Special.*

Why not make a newspaper about your special National or Foreign friends?

A Village School

"Joshua! Caleb! Enoch! Eve! Sarah! Peter! Noah! Abel! Phoebe! Elijah! Reuben! Isaac! Lily! Lucia! Merced!"

"Here!" chorus fifteen happy little Mexicans. And they are proud to answer to their names, for teacher has said that twelve of them are named for people in the Bible. How nice it is to have a Bible name!

Miss Ewing, the missionary teacher, comes to their village twice a week, and today she has a new song about "All Things Bright and Beautiful." After they have sung the song till they know it quite well, the children talk about the bright and beautiful things around them —the great parrot with its many-colored feathers in Enoch's yard, the peach trees in bloom, the stars in the black sky at night, and the many red, purple, and yellow flowers in all their gardens. Yes, God is surely kind and wonderful to make these bright and beautiful things!

These little Mexican children have learned many other lovely, lovely songs, for they like nothing better than to sing. They have learned Bible verses and they know some of the stories about the Bible people for whom they are named. They can recite part of the children's catechism, too.

How the children look up to Lily and Caleb and Phoebe, for they are old enough to learn to play the organ they have in the church. Some day the rest will be big enough to learn to play, too, or perhaps if the teacher had more time she would start to teach them now. But she is very, very busy, for there are other little Mexican children in other villages who want to learn the beautiful songs, too, and so many big and little people who want to hear about the Father who "loves and cares for all."

The Quarrel

(A Bulu Fable)

ONE day the members of the body had a quarrel. The hands and the feet said: "We are working alone, and the stomach is doing nothing. The feet go after the food, the hands cook it, and the mouth has all the trouble chewing it. But the stomach takes it all and does nothing. Therefore we don't wish to prepare any more food."

"That is bad counsel," said the mouth, "and it will hurt us all."

"How can it hurt us?" said the hands and feet. "And do we receive any help from the food we provide?"

So the hands and feet refused to get any more food. When they had gone five days without food, the feet began to be heavy and the hands weak, and the mouth became very unpleasant.

Then they realized that this bad advice was injuring them all. So they all went to work again because they found that the food helped not only the stomach but every member of the body as well.

Beside the Sea

The sea is wide and the breakers roar.
I stand and think of the far-off shore
Of South America and Japan,
Of Greenland, England, and Hindustan.

I like to stand by the side of the sea
And hear what the salt winds say to me.
I like to remember that far away
Are other beaches where children play.

Where children yellow and brown and white
Look on the ocean with delight.
The sea wind blowing here today
Has sung to children in Bombay.

—Eleanor Hammond. From Junior World. Used by permission of The American Baptist Publication Society.

"I Pledge Allegiance"

(Continued from page 3.)

though she may be willing to obey all our laws. In fact, because her parents have died she really has no legal right to be here at all, and if she were not in Ming Quong Home the officers of our United States immigration service would take her and put her on a steamer and send her back to China, whether or not she had any place to go or any friends to care for her in China.

HAINES HOUSE, Haines, Alaska - Missionary Mail, November 1936

WE HEAR FROM HAINES HOUSE

(This letter was written by Mrs. John Swets last June.)

AT PRESENT we have fifty-two children enrolled at Haines House. They are evenly divided between girls and boys. They range in age from three to twelve. All have native blood, although some have very little and look almost white. And a happier, sweeter group of children I believe would be very hard to find. They are always willing and anxious to help with any kind of work, and you would be very much surprised at the work they can do, and do well. Their latest achievement is making butter, and how they do enjoy it! Their eyes become as big as saucers when the butter begins to form. Butter making is something that is almost unknown in this country. At present our cows are producing more milk than they are able to consume at the home so we are making the surplus into butter.

Haines House goes sliding

We have thoroughbred Holstein cows and at present are milking five. Each child drinks a quart a day, and of course it is used for the faculty and for cooking. The Government inspector has just been around and pronounced them O. K. We raise all our own feed here for the stock with the exception of the mill feed, which of course must come from Seattle.

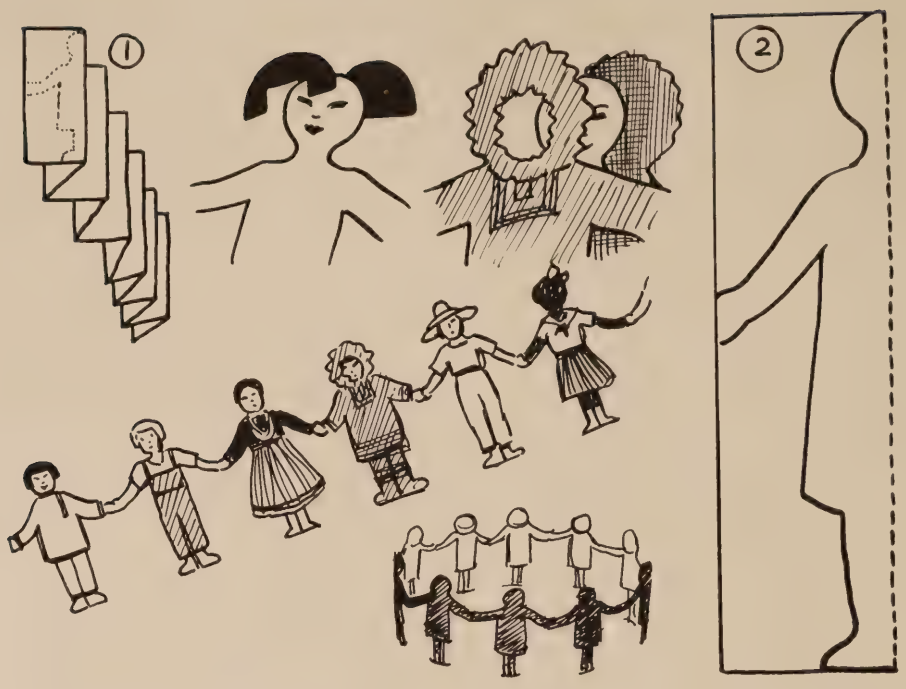
The children attend the government school, and each one has his or her own work which they must do before or after school, allowing enough time for play and recreation. At five o'clock they all come in and wash and get ready for worship hour. At this meeting they learn and recite Scripture, and you would be very much surprised at the way these children are able to recite whole passages from the Bible. They also lead in prayer and memorize hymns. Then the leader tells them a story and she had better not tell them the same one twice because they don't forget a story, and will be sure to let her know it. They will be able to convince her, too, by telling her the story. I know, because it happened to me!

You should see our gardens in the spring. Each child has his or her own garden, besides the large garden which supplies us all with vegetables for the whole winter. We raise peas, carrots, beets, turnips, beans, spinach, Brussels sprouts, cabbage and almost any kind of vegetable except those requiring hot nights, such as corn, melons, and tomatoes. We are getting little hot houses now in which we expect to raise tomatoes.

The 'euligan, a small fish about the size of smelt, are coming in now. They come up the river at a certain time in the spring of the year. The river is just alive with them. The natives go out and camp along the river and gather huge pits full of these fish and fry them out. They put the oil up in five-gallon cans and use it during the winter. It has the same qualities as cod liver oil, but oh, the smell! If you have gone to watch them once, that's enough, or at least about all you can stand.

I see our boat coming 'round the bend. She will whistle in a few minutes and then I will have to go down and mail this, so I think I had better stop for this time.

Word has come to MISSIONARY MAIL that a baby son, who will be called John Charles, was born to Mr. and Mrs. John Swets last month. Mr. Swets has charge of all the Haines House gardens.



Children in Siam

A SIAMESE boy whose family worships Buddha knows that there is one thing he probably will have to do. Before he becomes of age he will have to enter the priesthood. His head will be shaved and he will be given a little bowl with which he must go up and down the streets begging for food. It is the custom to stay at the temple for three months, but many parents hope their sons will become priests and never leave the temple.

All children between the ages of nine and fourteen have to go to school unless they have finished the fourth grade. Most of the poor children will not go beyond that grade because the boys have to help earn food and clothing for the family and many of the girls will soon be married. Children of wealthier parents may go on to school as long as they wish. Many become teachers, doctors, or lawyers. Some will even come to the United States to study.

National Missions Cut-Outs

Shall we get all our friends together this month? Take a strip of cream-colored construction paper, 12″x2½″, and fold into twelve sections as shown in 1. Place the pattern 2 with the dotted edge on the fold and cut. You should have six little figures all holding hands. Make another strip. Now we are ready to name them. A boy and girl from Puerto Rico, Ganado, the Southern Mountains, a boy from Barrow, a girl from Haines House, two Oriental children and a Negro brother and sister. Give them faces, with pencil and crayon, and then get out your bright colored paper for their clothes. Your old MISSIONARY MAILS will show you how to dress them. You may have to cut the figure in to fit as the boys would have trousers and not skirts, of course. The picture shows a Chinese girl about to have her black hair pasted on. Next we see a brown fur "parka" going on a Barrow boy. Make clothes for the backs of the dolls, also, for when they are finished we will paste them together in a circle, facing center. There they will stand, all ready to play "In and Out the Windows."

URSULA HEINOLD.

Missionary Work Is Not Finished

By Ruth D. Farquharson

"THROUGH the day at Haines House," a moving picture, is available to your church. But if by chance you are unable to secure it, I will give you a word picture. We want all those interested in missionary endeavor to know of our work at Haines, for we feel that making a home for the unfortunate children of Southeastern Alaska is indeed missionary work.

Just now we have twenty-six girls and twenty-four boys, their ages ranging from four to fourteen. Caroline, the youngest, has been here three years; others have found it home for eight or ten years.

There is as great variety in temperament as in age, and each day brings its challenge of helping some one to a better knowledge of himself and God's power. To tell of the homes from which the children come would take time. Some of the stories are so sad it is well to forget and let the memories fade from the minds of the little ones. Drink has played havoc in most of the homes. The children say very little about it, but we see the results in frail bodies, poor clothing, and lack of training which children in our good American homes have from birth.

RUTH FARQUHARSON OF HAINES

It is not only in the homes from which these children come that the curse of drink has done its work. In southeastern Alaska there are comparatively few homes that are left untouched. Some have been hurt to such an extent that happiness is no longer found in them. Is missionary work finished here? Not while this condition exists! The hope of Alaska is her young people, and our task for years to come is to save these young people, who have so many possibilities, from the dangers and evils that may be awaiting them.

A Haines House day begins at six-thirty, when covers are—I was going to say quickly—thrown back. But this is not true on cold winter mornings. Indeed, it is with great reluctance that some begin to move. But by seven-thirty all are up, setting-up exercises over, the housework done, and each one ready for cod liver oil and breakfast.

This may bring before your mind a scene of struggle, but not so at Haines House. From the youngest to oldest, each takes the oil almost without an unpleasant face. Some prefer eulachan oil, a home grown product and a very good but tasty substitute for cod liver oil.

Breakfast consists of cereal, whole milk (we have our own dairy), brown bread, sometimes fruit, sometimes homemade butter, and eggs twice a week (when the boats run). Then beds are made, dishes washed, the bread mixer turned, and each one made neat for school. Follows the ordeal of inspection. Some days all go off without retracing their steps, but it is not unusual to hear one flying back

for forgotten handkerchief or garters. By 8:45 all are away, and quiet reigns in the Haines House dormitory. But not so in Haines House kitchen, for the morning goes quickly and the two cooks find their fingers flying that they may have a warm meal ready by quarter of twelve.

The noon meal varies according to the season. Some meals you would find very appetizing; others perhaps you would wonder about, such as seaweed with oil, or herring eggs served on the evergreen branches to which they cling in the water, or dried fish. If you come to Alaska perhaps you will learn to say dried fish in "native." I have tried for years, but my attempts always bring a smile to the face of any native within hearing. We raise all our potatoes, as well as cabbage, carrots, beets and turnips. Soap berries make a very pretty pink dessert. (If you are interested in the details of this dessert, I shall be glad to furnish them. I imagine they're not in your cookbook.)

At 12:45 all are off to school again, to return at half past four to darn, sew buttons, clean rooms, or, best of all, to ski or coast in old kettles or boxes or on small homemade sleds. This spring we had a hard time to find any extra boxes, while as for brooms, we were glad to receive our first order after the strike, for most of the brooms had become ski poles!

At five o'clock minor ailments are treated in the dispensary. We have two sick rooms and a sun porch in the boys' building. Being doctored is one thing that very few object to, and almost any medicine is cheerfully taken. Martin remarked one morning that castor oil had an awfully long taste. The Army Post doctor has offered his services for consultation and physical examination, and during the last two years has performed twenty tonsillectomies. He is a man who loves children and is interested in giving these such care that they may enjoy a measure of health. But for some it is a constant fight.

Just before supper the whole group gathers in the girls' reading room for worship. Bible lessons are taught, missionary stories told. The native people are naturally very musical, and singing is enjoyed by every one.

Supper is at six, when cereal, fruit, bread and milk or perhaps baked potatoes and cottage cheese are happily eaten. After supper we have a variety of activities—play out of doors, sewing for the older ones, and during the gloomy weather, reading aloud. By 7:30 the youngest are in bed, the older ones at 8:30.

All attend Sunday school and church, and during the summer assist in the morning worship by taking the place of the regular adult choir. The girls have further cooperated in the church by doing the janitor work, and actually look forward to the hour spent cleaning the auditorium. Sunday evenings the older children have their own Christian Endeavor meeting at the House. Each boy and girl take turns leading as well as planning some social activities. This is a good training for future leadership among Alaskan young people.

ALL GOING BLUEBERRYING

Our winters vary greatly. The greater part of last winter one or two cars were

able to travel forty of the forty-two miles of road we have. But the winter before was quite different. Then the boats were unable to stop because of bad weather, so when our boiler burst we were without heat for several weeks. As our house is not plastered, it was not long in cooling off, and one morning a hot water bottle was found frozen in one of the beds!

We enjoy the snowy weather very much, though of course the summer has many things to enjoy, too. The days are so long it is really hard to know when bedtime comes. Also, one is apt to rise too soon!

The girls are proving to be efficient gardeners, each having her own plot, and a variety of blooms make them gay. The work must be done rapidly, as the season is so short. The boys are kept busy weeding the big vegetable garden. Some of the children are quite fair of complexion, but after a few hours in the garden it is difficult to tell a "full blood" from the others.

You may be surprised to learn that we swim here in the frozen North. When the sun does shine it does a very good job—perhaps because it has such a long rest during the winter. All the children are very fond of the water, and some swim well.

During a good season we pick enough cranberries and blueberries to last through the winter. Some summers the berries are so plentiful we sell them to a hotel in Skagway, where berries are scarce. Those who come home with a clean face and tongue are very proud.

During August we are busy preparing wardrobes for those who are to go to Sheldon Jackson School at Sitka. The girls are just like any normal girls and take great interest in their dresses. All look forward to the greater opportunties which will be theirs.

Taking care of fifty children means a great deal of work and often discouragement. But when good reports come back to us from those who have gone on, we feel that it is well worth while. Not all are favorable, but enough are "pressing toward the mark" for us to continue to believe that "all things work together for good" and that in God's own time He will bring these children of his into a larger fuller life. And we shall be happy to have had some small share in helping them. The hope for Alaska is in the lives of her young people. Missions are not finished here!

Keeping the Home Fires Burning

WE hear so much about it—keeping the home fires burning. To some it means one thing, to others another. Here is an interpretation given by a courageous Indian Christian, who left a school of 700 girls where she was Head Mistress to follow a vision that led to a town where the gospel had never been told.

She arrived with ten *annas* in her pocket. For two days she visited among the people, showing her love in many ways. But the third day came and she had not so much as a grain of rice in her house to eat. She did not know what to do, but she was convinced that God had not led her thither without a plan for her. The idea came to her at eventide to gather leaves and twigs and make a fire, so that the villagers would think she was cooking her food just as they were. She did this. After a while she saw two little Hindu girls at her door, bearing dishes of food.

"It is for you," they said.

"No, there must be some mistake," she replied.

"There is no mistake," said they. "Our mother saw your fire, and she said you must not be bothered with cooking your food when you have come among us to help. You are to have your food every day."

—Mrs. R. L. Wilson, Lahore, India.

No, God is not everything; everything is not God's. Everything is to be God's. What will have to be blown apart along the way no man can guess. What horrible things have to be passed before victory is won no man knows. What may have to go into the destruction that clears the surface of the lovely world nobody knows.

—J. V. Moldenhawer.

"Ten times we played it for the movie folks"

"NOT-SO-SKINNY TALES" FROM HAINES HOUSE

HARRIETT LAWRENCE

CAN it be possible that it is still August and that our friends in the States are suffering with the heat? We Alaskans feel that fall has already arrived. The flowers along the roadside have changed from yellow and blue to red, red mountain ash, red elderberries and even our thorny "devil's club" now has a bright red crown. There are still blue berries and raspberries in the woods and we are trying our best to get as many picked as possible. I wish you could see us start out with our cans tied round our necks, so that we may use both hands for picking, and then next day see the children busy looking them over and filling the jars for canning.

And while the girls are doing this the boys are even busier helping with the haying and filling the silo. In Alaska we know what it means to make hay while the sun shines, for it must be done between showers and these showers last a week or more at a time, too. And what a big hole in our budget if we must ship in hay for our stock!

And this summer the boys have been busier than ever, for much to their delight they have been allowed to help with some painting and repair work that we have had done, and while doing it they were learning things that will be of great help to them in the years to come. And how proud we all are of our improved appearance! A great incentive to keeping our houses neater and cleaner.

And, oh, yes, we have all been in the movies! What a grand week we had when Dr. Thorne, Mrs. Hayes, and Mr. Abernethy were here taking movies of us. What exciting times to watch for the sun to come out from behind a cloud and then run to go through some of our activities around the yard, or to watch them get their lights ready to "shoot" us churning, cutting up king salmon, or sewing on buttons under the sunlamp. We can hardly wait to see the picture of two small boys in a tub when our pup darted in and licked the soap suds off one small foot. We just hope our friends will enjoy the pictures half as much as we did posing for them.

"A man can't eat around here without having his picture taken"

But perhaps the high spot of the entire summer, from the children's point of view, was the Lake Bennett picnic. For several years now the Skagway Sunday school has invited us to go with them on their annual excursion to that historic spot. Nor is the keen delight of the day one whit lessened by the fact that many have gone in former years. They know what a grand day it is and the new children have been told so much that they can scarcely wait for the day to arrive.

For weeks the days are counted, and the girls especially are busy getting their slacks, sweaters, and

Photos, F. R. Thorne

INDIA SCHOOL DAYS

ANITA H. GREGSON

"DING, DING, DING!" sang the gong which one of the girls was vigorously hitting to call the children to school again.

Examinations were over for another year. The children had been home for two weeks in their villages. Now the promotions had been made and the new school year was begun again. There was much excitement everywhere because this afternoon Jaikaur, one of our own girls, was arriving from Lahore. The teachers had helped get her room ready, the girls had learned welcome songs to sing, and all went to the station to meet her that afternoon. She was pleased, indeed, and delighted to find out that her class already had nineteen girls in it. That is an exceptionally large class for any high school in the Punjab, for as yet higher education for girls is not popular with the parents.

Before school opened the headmistress and I went into the bazaars and visited the parents of some of our Mohammedan girls. First we went to Kishwar's father, who is the veterinary surgeon of the city. He was in his clinic, examining cattle when we arrived, but he graciously came forward to talk to us about his fine daughter who is in the fourth class. He said he could pay the *lorrie* and the class fees, and would send his daughter to our school, even though it was farther away.

Next we went to Zubaidi's mother. Off the narrow bazaar alley we entered a narrow door, went past the barn where cattle were kept, then up a flight of stairs where the family were sitting on their rope-strung beds watching the mother bake the bread. All seemed glad to see us, pulled chairs forward for us, and after reconsidering the extra expense, decided to let Zubaidi come, but she would have to walk the mile to school and back daily as they could not pay *lorrie* fees. We were happy that she could be in our fourth class.

As we were leaving an older sister asked us to see her birds. Of course I was interested, thinking that she had a few parrots in cages, as many families do in India. You can imagine how surprised I was when we entered a small mud room and found it filled with a dozen different kinds of brilliantly colored birds, not found in the Punjab but in other parts of India. It was a joy to see them, the names of which I did not even know. Why did the family have them? They simply loved pretty birds and evidently had spent much money on them. They promised to let me bring all the school children, class by class, to see their collection.

There is much excitement in the industrial arts room as we have begun weaving mats for our own school. We have always bought these mats, but decided that the children might like to learn to make them, and all the pupils are delighted. They have been making bright colored fans this week and selling them. We have opened another class for the women of the city who do not know how to read or write, and one of our older girls is teaching them.

In each of the things we do we seek to help our Christian girls to know Christ better, as well as to bring to the non-Christian girls a real understanding of what it means to be a Christian.

A shy little Indian girl

UNUSUAL BUSINESS

CAN you find Haines, Alaska, on a map? See, it is located in southern Alaska on an inlet not far from the coast. The war has brought about many changes in the life of the children and staff at our mission station there. Right after war was declared government officials were asked if they thought the fifty boys and girls at Haines House should be sent home or evacuated elsewhere. The officials said "No," that at present they were as safe where they were as they would be anywhere else. Members of the staff were glad when they heard this, because over half of the children at Haines have no home to which they could be sent back.

But although all of the children are still at the mission station, they find themselves doing new things. First of all, the dispensary at the Home has been designated as a first aid station and the kitchen as a food depot in case of an emergency. A food depot, if you don't know, is like a canteen—a place where food will be distributed free to all who need it.

Not far from Haines is Chilkoot barracks, where many soldiers from the United States are living now. Rev. Edwin W. Knudsen, who is head of Haines House and also pastor of the Haines church, is spending a lot of time at the barracks, holding services for the soldiers, talking to them, and helping them in any way he can to feel at home.

Other members of the staff at Haines are serving as leaders in the Haines civilian defense program. They are organizing first aid classes and making bandages and stretchers. The older children at Haines take first aid courses, learning to make slings and head bandages, just like the boy in the picture.

Because the cost of food is going up and because our government is asking people to grow as much of their own food as possible, Haines boys are helping to clear three more acres of land on which crops will be planted. In addition, they are going to have a big vegetable garden next summer. A 4-H Club is being organized.

So although Haines is living up to the motto "Business as Usual," there is a lot of unusual business going on now.

Haines House boys are learning first aid, just in case—

cut up the cabbage leaves and boiled them in some water he had carried from the canal. When the cabbage leaves were soft he added the wheat bran and boiled the mess a little longer. But when it came time to pour the food out it only filled two bowls.

Little Lovely Orchid knew that food was being prepared. She could smell it. Although too weak to stand, she made one great effort to get into the hovel where the food was steaming in two rice bowls. With a weak twist of her body she rolled inside the doorway. With another roll she turned so that she could see her father and brothers about to divide the cabbage and bran soup. She moaned and big tears rolled from the corners of her eyes.

"How can one eat in the presence of her departing spirit?" said her father as he put down his bowl on a bamboo stool.

"Let us give her a little of our food," said Tienming. "We have plenty."

"Your heart is good but your head is not wise. If you share your too little morsel of food with a worthless girl child, who will carry on the family name and represent me at the graves of our ancestors? She is a worthless wilted flower. You are the eldest son. You must live, and you cannot live by giving away food which is already not enough." Then he gently lifted Ailan back to her place by the doorpost where they would not see her as they ate.

"A man's life is hard," said Mr. Lee to his two young sons. "One must make his heart a stone in order to preserve the family name," and they quickly finished the rest of the poor food. "Oh yo, that is not enough to sustain life. I do hope your mother begs enough coppers for food tonight!"

In the meantime Ailan had fallen off the doorstep into the street where she was powerless to move. A teacher from a Christian primary school came down the street on her way back to her afternoon classes. She thought the child was dead. "Ah, bitter fate. Another child has died for want of food," she said, and then she stopped to examine the child more carefully.

Tienming heard the teacher at the door and went to see. Just then, Miss Sing, for that was the teacher's name, discovered that Ailan still had a little breath. "Why don't you care for the young child?" Miss Sing asked the boy.

"She is starving to death, and who knows when we will follow?" answered Tienming. "There is not enough food for every mouth, and what we have is not enough to sustain life."

"Stupid elder brother," replied Miss Sing, "have you not heard that food can be found?"

"I know only of food that can be bought—and that very dearly. Where can food be found?"

"Christians in America have sent us food and no child needs to die for the want of it," said Miss Sing.

By this time Mr. Lee and Tsaipao had

(Continued on page 10.)

houses down the street. Paul and Jesse are brothers and uncles to Tony. Jesse: fat, good-natured, a tease who would rather play than work, but working when Paul does and doing good work, too; Paul: a bit more serious, more dependable, and an excellent worker, who made the best basket and made the first one and three others despite a punctured palm; then Tony: dear, adorable, lazy Tony, the satelite of the other two, the butt of their maneuverings, the runner-of-errands, the one who gives up a game that calls for only two, and the one who is always good-natured, even when repulsed.

One Monday evening after closing time the three were playing hide and seek about the yard. Paul chose the wood pile and fell upon a rusty nail which punctured his hand. We did a thorough first-aid on him and ordered him to appear at clinic the following morning. There he was sent to the County hospital for tetanus shot and was gone all the afternoon.

That happened to be a day when only a few children came to do weaving and I turned them over to the NYA girls. Jesse, the tease, the noise-maker, the disturber of peace and ease came softly into the office, his bare feet making no sound, and slipped into a chair near me. There he stayed most of the afternoon, saying nothing except to offer help on the slightest provocation, but he sighed often, his mischievous smile replaced by a look of patient waiting. I sent him on several short errands but he was soon back beside me, silent, sighing. Finally I said, "I know a boy who is missing Paul this afternoon." His face brightened.

"Yes, I do, Mees Goodloe!" (I wish I could pronounce that for you as they do.)

At seven that night he and Tony were racing up and down the yard, happy as puppies tugging at a root, while Paul, with the added dignity of an antiseptic patch across his palm, calmly moved about in their cloud of dust. Funny, adorable little people they are, with a muddled, mixed, interesting, and much-to-be-deplored home environment. Surely to such as these the House of Neighborly Service is Heaven-sent.

Another activity that has been especially fine this summer is the organized summer league ball games. Our playground supervisor, who has charge of night activities, trained a very formidable junior ball team that has met most of the neighboring teams this summer, and of the twenty-one league games our boys lost only five. That ended, they have been playing any team that wishes a game, and from this has developed a great popularity for our roomy, well-lighted playgrounds. Mr. Martinez deserves much credit for the large attendance these games have given us this summer.

We have the promise of a swimming pool before time to use it next year. The pool will be within two blocks of the House of Neighborly Service, and favorably located, not too near any train tracks or highways. The children are doing much rejoicing in anticipation of it.

The brightly lighted playgrounds of the House of Neighboring Service offer an invitation to our Mexican boys and girls. Each night the grounds are alive with activities. Baseball, football, or some such game is sure to be in progress.

They made mats around the wishing well

A DOG'S LIFE AT HAINES HOUSE

By Ruth D. Farquharson

I always went on picnics if I wasn't tied up

YOU DOGS who have never lived at Haines House or some other children's home do not know what real responsibility or excitement is. In a children's home one just never knows what may happen next. You always have to be on your good behavior, too, for it is just heartbreaking to be tied up and watch the children start off for a good time without you.

I was at Haines House seven years, and they were all happy, but I must confess that I was feeling very old and tired the last year and it was hard for me to assume all the responsibility I felt I should.

Some of my days started very early before anyone else was up. You see, I was inclined to have rheumatism so was allowed to sleep in the house at night. There were two or three little things to attend to while the children were sleeping. It was often necessary to carry shoes and slippers around to the different rooms. I was never quite sure about their being in pairs by each bed. Such order worried me. After this was attended to it was usually time for the bell, and I must go to each and see that he was out of bed. Then it was sometimes my duty to go to dispensary with Miss Lawrence. Oh no! Dogs are not allowed inside the dispensary! I soon learned that and never went beyond the door, just "waited patiently about" till fingers were tied up and cold medicine taken. Then it once more was my duty to see that all took their cod liver oil and were brushed and scrubbed for breakfast. They usually thought me asleep, but I had one eye open all the time and saw those who had forgotten to brush hair or lace shoes trotting back upstairs to improve their appearance.

The big job of the day was to see the children off to school. I had a little fun as well as responsibility at this time, for Miss Lawrence would throw a ball or stick for me while waiting for another child to come. I was usually a bit weary by the time the fifty were on their way to the Government school.

From nine o'clock to one my days varied a great deal. In spring perhaps I would follow the plough all morning. In summer, of course, the children were home and there was plenty to do. Winter days were very restful for me, for when it was cold outside I was allowed to be in Miss Lawrence's office and watch her work.

The children had worship every evening at 5:30, and I was always there. I had to be very still for I soon learned that I would be sent out if I walked around. I liked worship for the children seemed to enjoy their songs, choruses, and memory work.

It is hard for me to remember just all I had to attend to at Haines House. I went for the mail and I always carried home a package. I chased cats out of the little girls' cupboard—that is, I did once. They thought I was mad for a minute, but soon found I wasn't. I just never did like cats, and anyway they don't belong in cupboards.

Then there were Sundays. In one way I did not like them for I could not go to church. I could tell Sunday in a number of ways. First of all, everyone except the furnace man got up late. Then the children had eggs and toast for break-

Photo, Ann Elizabeth Taylor

Indian boys from the Rosamond B. Goddard Home in North Fork, California, waiting for the school bus

Alaskan totem poles and two young Alaskans

FRIENDS ON NATIONAL MISSIONS FIELDS

"We come to the Neighborhood House at Redlands, California, to play"

"Children of the world" at the Michigan State Christian Endeavor Convention at Holland, Michigan

Photo, Paul K. Heberlein, Munger, Michigan

LIFE AT HAINES HOUSE, ALASKA

(Taken from Haines House Reports)

"Want to slide down hill with me?"

OUR day begins at 6:30. By 7:30 the housework is done, and all are ready for cod-liver oil and breakfast. This may bring before your mind a scene of struggle. Not so at Haines House! From the youngest to the oldest, all take cod-liver oil almost without an unpleasant face. Some prefer Eulechon (Hooligan) oil, a "home-grown" fish-product supposed to be very beneficial in the treatment of tuberculosis. These are in the minority, however. Breakfast consists of cereal with whole milk. We have our own dairy, brown bread, and sometimes fruit and eggs twice a week when the boats run. From 8:00 to 8:40, beds are made, dishes washed, fingernails cleaned, rubber boots and packs found. Then comes the ordeal of inspection. Some days all go off without retracing their steps, but it is not unusual to hear some running back for forgotten "hankies" or garters. By 8:45 all are off and quiet reigns at Haines House. Not so at government school, I imagine! And not so in the kitchen; for the morning goes very quickly, and the two cooks find their fingers flying that a hot meal may be ready by 11:45.

At 12:45 all are off to school again to return at 3:30 ready to darn, sew buttons, have a hair cut, clean a room, or best of all, if it's winter time and there's snow on the ground, to ski or coast in old kettles or boxes or on very small home-made sleds. We always have a hard time finding a box or barrel by springtime. All are made into skis or sleds. But the boats start running again by then, and once more we have boxes.

The noon meal varies a great deal according to the season. Some meals you would find very appetizing; others perhaps you would wonder about, such as seaweed with oil, herring eggs on the evergreen branches to which they cling in the water, or dry fish. If you come to Haines sometime, perhaps you will succeed in learning to say it in "native." I can say it, but any native person who ever hears me seems to find it very amusing. Salmon and halibut are eaten with great relish. Some days our own meat and vegetables are served. We raise all the potatoes we consume, as

Their gardens were prize winners

Ready for the

well as carrots, turnips, beets, and cabbage. Soapberries make good dessert.

At 5:30 the whole group is to be found in the girl's reading room ready for worship. Bible lessons are taught, missionary stories told and Bibles earned for memory work. Singing is enjoyed by all ages. From 6:00 to 6:30 cereal, fruits, bread, and milk, or perhaps baked potatoes or cottage cheese, are on the menu. By 7:30 the youngest are in bed and 8:30 the older ones as well, and once more all is quiet and one has time to think over the happenings of the day.

We enjoy the winter very much, but summer has so many things to be enjoyed, too. The days are so long! It is really hard to know when bedtime comes, and if not careful, one is really apt to rise too soon! We spend as much time as possible out of doors, gardening, swimming, hiking. The girls are very good gardeners. Each has her own plot and a great variety of blossoms make all of them gay for a number of weeks. The summer is short, so gardening has to be done rapidly in order to have blooms before fall. The boys have a big job weeding the vegetable garden. Some of our children are really quite fair, but after the boys have been in the garden for a few hours it is hard to tell the "full bloods" from the others, for more than one reason.

You may be surprised to learn that we swim up here in the "frozen North." Some days are very warm, for when the sun shines up here it does a very good job. It has a rest a great part of the winter. All the children are very fond of the water and some swim quite well.

As a rule we pick enough berries to last us through the winter. The children are rapid pickers and most of them can fill a three-quart pail in a very short time. Some summers the berries are so plentiful that the children sell some to a hotel in Skagway where the berries are very scarce. If you are fond of berries you would delight to see our tubs full. With fifty pickers it does not take long to fill a tub.

During August we are busy getting wardrobes ready for those who go to the Sheldon Jackson School at Sitka. The girls, just like any normal girl, take a great interest in their dresses. They assist to a certain extent with the dressmaking. All the work is felt to be worth while when good reports come back from those who have left us. Of course, not all are favorable, but enough go on in the better way of life for us to feel that our work is not in vain.

Of course we think some of the children say very clever things and like all "fond mothers," love to repeat them. One night I was rubbing Bengué on Caroline's head where she had come too close to a fence while coasting. I told her not to touch it. She said, "I had to. It was making too much fresh air."

In the sewing room one day a box of mothballs was being inspected by Betty. She looked quite puzzled and said, "What are these? They smell nearly native."

Martin was watching Mr. Swets plow. "Why does he do that?" he asked. "It's just as dirty on the other side."

hmallow roast

Haines House sleds are sometimes made of funny thing

AMONG CHINA'S REFUGEE CHILDREN

Making bean curd milk

AS the price of rice has soared higher and higher, the children of the poor have had to go hungry, some having but one meal a day consisting of thin rice gruel and fish oil, or perhaps only some tiny sweet potatoes that are ordinarily fed to the pigs. Because of under-nourishment many children in the classes could not put their minds on their work, just sitting there listlessly. As funds have been available for relief work it has been thought well worthwhile to use the money to feed a number of these little ones, who have been coming gradually to the home of the missionary for one or two meals a day. How ravenously they do eat of the red rice porridge, a little fish, and some kind of greens! It is surprising how they clean up several bowls of these last and how happy everyone is the days we give them a treat of white rice cooked dry.

Little brother Number Four and sister Number Five, who is three years old, were so gaunt and ragged that their clothing would hardly hold together. Little sister had just recovered from the measles which had affected her eyes so that she continually held her head down. A little cod-liver oil, orange juice, and milk, with plenty of rice soon made a change, and some made-over clothing kept their little bodies warmer. Both the father and mother have been exceedingly grateful and the mother has been attending church regularly and says she wishes to become a Christian.

One day a mother came to the house carrying her little boy on her back. He was so thin and weak that he seemed hardly able to walk although the mother said he was eight years old. A widow, with two children, she could not earn enough for three by going to the hills to cut grass to sell for fuel. Now the two little ones come for two meals a day and are able to run and play as children should.

A boy of fifteen tried attending the classes but was continually ill with malaria and because of insufficient nourishment. His mother who is ill asked for work for her son so he went home with me and has been a very handy boy ever since, helping serve the sixty youngsters who come each day, some just at noon,

Washing clothes and cleaning heads

EDITORIAL

Suffering China

The seventh day of January will mark the completion of the thirtieth month of China's Pentecost of Calamity. The Sino-Japanese War involves the manhood and resources of over one-quarter of the human race and the destiny and control of a strategic section of the world. Millions of soldiers and civilians have lost their lives and an estimated 60,000,000 have been made homeless refugees. Flood and famine have wrought devastation in the territories already wasted by war. Great epidemics—dysentery, typhoid fever, malaria, and cholera—have found multitudes of easy victims in the undernourished and weakened population.

During the war thirty-nine hospitals have been bombed. Seventeen British hospitals in North China have been closed. Every one of our Presbyterian medical institutions, however, is carrying on. In most centers within the area of conflict the mission hospital is the only medical agency which has been able to remain open. These are overflowing with patients—air-raid victims, wounded soldiers and civilians, typhoid and cholera cases, suffering children. The number of beds in our Presbyterian hospitals has been more than doubled, and still there is a waiting list. The impoverished patients can pay little or nothing for treatment—and even in the port cities the prices of drugs are three to five times higher than normal! The Christian hospital, daily witness in the midst of war's desolation to the compassion of Christ, is making a powerful appeal to the people of China. Not for decades has the evangelistic outlook been so encouraging.

In the face of these facts we dare not give way to selfishness, complacency, or indifference. The compulsion of the situation has led one woman on five occasions to send to The Board of Foreign Missions a gift of $500.00 "for food, medicines, and clothing for the suffering Chinese." The General Assembly, meeting at Cleveland, authorized the Board to make a special appeal this year for the sum of $25,000 to meet special hospital and other emergency needs of our China Missions. By contributing to this fund Presbyterians will be doing that "something extra" which will keep their spirits sensitive to human need and give reality to their prayers for peace.—W.L.

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Honors to Missionaries

"Honors" which have come recently to several executives illustrate convincingly the high professional standards maintained by National Missions schools and hospitals. Dr. Salsbury of Ganado was made a Fellow in the American College of Surgeons on October 16 and is the second doctor to be so honored, Dr. Irwin of the Presbyterian Hospital in San Juan, Puerto Rico, having been elected a Fellow in October, 1938. In February Dr. Salsbury is to be made an active Fellow in the International College of Surgeons which has its headquarters at Geneva, Switzerland. In connection with the latter, the customary $500 application fee was waived in the invitation to membership. On September 24, Mr. Robert G. Boyd, Business Administrator of the Presbyterian Hospital in San Juan, Puerto Rico, was made a member of the American College of Hospital Administrators, and Dr. Salsbury received a fellowship in that organization.

Dr. M. L. Girton, of Tucson Indian Training School has received a rare complimentary membership in the Chamber of Commerce of Tucson in recognition of the significant work which the Tucson Indian Training School is making to Indian life in the Southwest.

An opportunity to serve in the oldest university in the new world has come to Dr. Barney Morgan, superintendent of the interdenominational work in the Dominican Republic. With the beginning of the new year, a new Department of Arts and Letters will be set up in the University of Santo Domingo in which Dr. Morgan has been asked to teach English Literature. This invitation not only is an indication of the respect and esteem in which Dr. Morgan and the Evangelical leadership are held but will furnish a new type of contact and service.—K.E.G.

an isolated little Indian village. I smelled a picture.

Our Diesel engine started, and we were off to Excursion Inlet cannery across Icy Straits, past icebergs from Glacier Bay. In a deep inlet at the foot of a snow-covered mountain we found the little Indian village.

Armed with the folding organ and our cameras we made our way down the crooked streets and set up our street meeting Sunday school. In response to a "grapevine" invitation, a crowd of Indian adults and children came, eager to have even an impromptu religious service. Bright eyes shone their appreciation of the Bible stories and Sunday school cards.

Haines House was next. Here were many Indian orphan children, lively and full of mischief, yet well behaved. The husky puppies, the herd of cattle, boys sewing on buttons under the sun lamps, preparing a huge salmon for dinner, demonstrating first aid to the queen's taste, and getting cleaner, much cleaner than I ever got when I was a boy (for they had to wash eight times for my cameras)—all these are recorded in the eight copies of our film. The girls with their music and fancy work and churning were equally appealing. Yes, even the cod liver oil before meals.

All these things I could film, but how was I to photograph that something so evident at Haines and yet so hidden? It was a spirit of happiness and love such as you might find in a Christian home. It was a joy to feel the confidence these children had in the members of that Christian faculty. If I couldn't be brought up in a family of my own, I know that I should want to go to Haines House.

And now two thousand miles farther north our plane roars on, over the Yukon, across the Arctic Circle, across the Endicott Mountains, and still on to the treacherous tundra. Suddenly we disappear in the fog to emerge a hundred miles beyond in a ray of sunlight right over Point Barrow. Our first glimpse is of the Eskimos jumping on the sealskin in the ceremony of "neligatuck." Camera-minded, we jump from the plane only to be swallowed up in a crowd of Eskimos in their parkas. I make for a boat and scramble up the side for a vantage point, but the motion of the plane is still with me, and down I go in humiliation, but glad the camera falls on top of me.

The Arctic Ocean is frozen solid. We see a dog team far out. "What is in the 50 gallon barrel on the sled?" we query. "Fresh water from the Arctic Ocean," is the astounding reply. Almost incredulous, we rush out, cameras in hand, to "shoot" the dogs as they pull in the fresh water found on top of the arctic ice where the salt has leached out at the bottom into the sea.

The only street in the village—a narrow boardwalk— leads to church! What's more, the whole community goes to church. I preached to 450 Eskimos that Sunday. "No money at Barrow and yet these people are tithers?" you say.

TITHES AT POINT BARROW

What a picture it makes as these folks bring their gifts for the poor. A tenth of a walrus, a reindeer hide, a sack of pitch, corn meal or flour.

It is "The Land of the Midnight Sun," the land where the camera man does not know when to go to bed, but also the land where almost a whole community is Christian.

"Rich by my brethren's poverty!
Such wealth were hideous! I am blest
Only in what they share with me,
In what I share with all the rest."

Anonymous

lights and cameras as we moved inside and filmed two generations of Marsdens. The lovely mother was the postmistress and her fascinating daughter her assistant. Both are leaders in the church. The grandmother, Mrs. Edward Marsden, widow of the great Presbyterian Indian

THE BOAT BUILDER AT METLAKATLA

missionary of Alaska, invited us to film their historic home.

Thirty Sheldon Jackson students entertained us for a social evening at Metlakatla Church. Everywhere we traveled our cameras were kept busy photographing Christian leaders in all walks of life, the fruit of fifty years of Sheldon Jackson training.

At Sitka our shutters seemed to click more rapidly and our cameras ran faster to keep pace with that dynamic Indian student body, but, thanks to faculty and students, everything moved like clock work.

Realism was the keynote of our picture taking. We "shot" the students in action and they liked it.

Appealing pictorial action shots of fascinating projects in the woodmaking department and machine shop called for far more film than we could spare. Life size, professional looking dories built by the boys, a model steam engine, a hope chest fine enough to delight the heart of any girl, and the turning of a propeller shaft just had to be taken. A whirlwind picture-taking campaign included shots of interesting chemistry and physics experiments, the Bible classes and the cultural program of the school. Expert training and good tools fit these lads to take their places in the developing life of Alaskan cities.

The youth society program committee planned the closing meeting to demonstrate the purpose of the students to carry their Christian faith into their summer fishing camps. We had to rush lights and cameras to keep up with them. In the afternoon they set up a model fishing camp scene on the auditorium stage. Evening came, and we turned twenty-five thousand candle power on that meeting, but the program went on as beautifully as if we were not there. Everyone knew we were taking the pictures to show the deeply spiritual character of the missionary enterprise.

The motorship "S J S" is an outstanding achievement of the Sheldon Jackson students who built it. It is an excellent 48-foot fishing boat used in the summer by Christian students for practical experience in the fishing business.

No camera of mine will ever forget the trip on that boat as we accompanied students to their homes. The fish bin is entered by climbing through a small square hatch and down a ladder. Bad enough for the women and girls to sleep there on improvised cots, but think of putting self-respecting camera equipment in such a place! We called it "steerage," but it really wasn't so bad. No one got wet and everyone was happy. The men of the party slept in "the black hole of Calcutta," as they called the engine room, with bunks on both sides of the engine. A little noisy, but how we did sleep after days of picture taking. The boat is seaworthy, well kept, and comfortable for even a long journey.

An eighteen foot tide was out and the pier at Hoonah stood high above the picturesque group of fishing boats where fine looking Indians were baiting their halibut hooks. Ashore we photographed our church and this town where the Alaskan Native Brotherhood and church leaders recently led a campaign which banished liquor with its devastating effects from this lovely little community.

The pastor, two elders, the president of the missionary society and the head of the youth group talked of Sunday school in

PLAY HOUR AT HAINES HOUSE

My Camera Eyes Alaska

Frederick R. Thorne

Dr. Thorne sees National Missions through the eye of the motion picture camera. He has photographed missions in the West Indies, in California, in the Spanish Southwest, in the Southern Mountains, in New York, in the Southern Negro field as well as in Alaska. As young people's secretary, he makes pictures an important part of his program with young people on the basis that "One picture is worth ten thousand words."

FROM the camera point of view Alaska is a wonderland of scenic beauty. Add to this the no less fascinating shots of a somewhat cosmopolitan and certainly picturesque people, and the even more appealing and stimulating activities of our missionary enterprise, and you can readily see how I regard this experience as "tops." Even a half ton of picture equipment could not hinder our clicking shutters or slow down the hum of our movie cameras.

At first our cameras yielded to the lure of the scenic. Flowers we found in profusion all the way to the Arctic Circle. Tiger lilies in Metlakatla, tulips in Sitka, poppies in Matanuska, and roses everywhere. Twice only did I yield to the temptation to "shoot" close-up color movies of wild roses. Each time a bee, without previous movie training, buzzed right into the flower and took its fill of honey while my camera ground away.

We could have done with more sun but when the fog did lift the rare beauty of the island waterway, snow-capped mountain or glacier, more than made up for the dull days.

"Alaska is going white," they kept telling us. Well, maybe it is. Steamers packed with tourists and settlers often consigned us and our cameras to steerage. Many fine white Presbyterian folk we met in the churches throughout Alaska. But the Indians and Eskimos really won our hearts. No finer people live to be photographed anywhere.

In the boathouse at Metlakatla, our lights flooded three generations of builders. One, just ready for the Junior Department in Sunday school, was finishing his tiny little craft, while his father and grandfather plied their skill on a boat as perfect as any I have ever seen.

Even the post office yielded to our

"Do You Know?"

(Continued from page 6.)

took their picture holding it and then cut off its claws for the bounty. You see eagles kill so many fish and fur-bearing animals that the Territory pays one dollar bounty for the claws. Besides that for several days the children had a great time with the feathers playing "Wild Indian."

Then the boys told what a hard time they had been having all summer getting the cows. They would insist on going out on the tide flats and then couldn't get back. Sometimes the boys would have to swim after them and sometimes the men would have to get them back.

Haines House boys love to go camping

No, I don't want to go to Haines House. My own home with Mother and Dad is much nicer, but still if anything should happen to them it would be a comforting feeling to know there was a home like that for me.

HARRIETT A. LAWRENCE.

m.m.
#39

"DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?"

GUESS who I am! Oh, no, I am much too small to be a Haines House child, but I am an Alaskan, and a Haines House grandchild. Yes, I know there are many of those but I am the very first whose mother and father both went there. And I can tell you just lots of things about that home for Mother and Dad are forever talking about that place.

How they do talk about the good times they had, the coasting, snow fights behind snow forts, grand Christmases and birthday parties in winter, and picnics, swims, and camping in summer, oh, just all kinds of good times together!

But still I think they must have learned something there too. See how healthy I look. That's because Mother takes such good care of me, keeps me clean, and gives me the right kind of food. I just wonder how many times I have heard her wish she could give me some of the good milk they have over there. She has told me all about their cows and Dad tells how he and the other boys would go way out to the pasture and bring them in and how they would help make hay in summer.

We have a garden too, and that's another thing they learned there. I just can't see why all the folks up here don't have gardens, for things grow so rapidly when the sun shines so very long each day and vegetables are so good to eat.

"My Mother and Daddy lived at Haines House"

I wish all the babies and little folks I see in the village could have more vegetables with the dried fish they always eat.

One Sunday Mother and Dad were greatly excited, for the *Princeton* had arrived the day before and brought some new children from Haines to school. I don't believe I told you we live at Sitka right on the edge of the Sheldon Jackson School campus. Mother and Dad were so eager to see who had come this year and to ask all about the other children and the grownups at Haines, and all about the cows and if they had another dog to take the place of Pal. I noticed, too, that each one was carrying his Bible. Said they had earned them learning memory work, whatever they meant by that.

Oh, yes, and those children had some exciting things to tell. The girls told how one day when they were on a picnic they had seen a great big bird flopping around on the beach. When they went close they saw it was a big, bald-headed eagle that had been wounded. To tell the truth, I don't know whether it was because they felt sorry for the bird or they were thinking of the bounty on eagles but anyhow they took some stones and big sticks and soon had it killed. The grownups would hardly believe they had killed it themselves but they

(Continued on page 10.)

Haines House girls killed an eagle

Up in Alaska

(Photos, F. R. Thorne)

King salmon is a favorite dish at Haines House

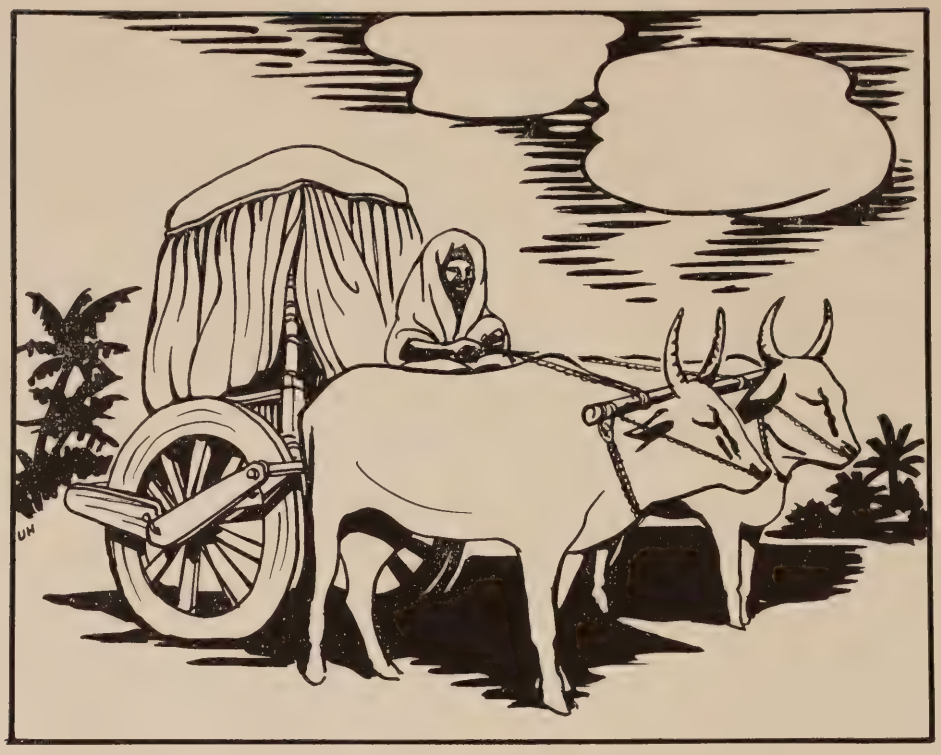
"At Haines we brush so hard you'd think our teeth would wear out"

It's only a make-believe accident, but it gave two boy scouts a chance to practice first aid

Ned Johnson lived at Haines when he was little. Now he's big! He lives at Sheldon Jackson and works on machinery

"Hello! What are you doing up in Barrow?"

"They say that I'm an S.J.S. granddaughter. That's because my mother and daddy went to school there, I think"



TRAVELING IN INDIA

"SQUEAK—squeak—squeak—" Can you hear that sound which makes cold chills chase up and down your spine? It is a covered cart, with two huge, noisy, wooden wheels. In the tent-like space above the wheels several women and children can ride, hidden behind curtains which keep out dust or rain or curious people. The driver crouches on part of the shaft right in front of his passengers. The cart is drawn by two sturdy but slow oxen who seem half asleep as they plod along.

If you are planning to take a trip in this fashion, be sure that you have several cushions along, for you will need them! It will probably be one of the bumpiest rides you have ever had. Also allow plenty of time for oxen cannot be hurried, in fact there will be many times when you decide that you could make almost as good speed by walking! It will be an experience you will long remember, however, and you will have a lot of fun telling your friends about it after you get home.

RUTH BABCOCK.

Wanted: 1000 New Friends!

MISSIONARY MAIL is looking for new friends. It has over 9,100 as this issue goes to press, and wants at least a thousand more before Christmas.

Do you know how you can help? By showing your copy of the magazine to others and telling them about the stories and the cut-outs of means of travel in foreign lands. And tell them that they may receive a year's subscription, sent to their own address, for only 25¢.

Send stamps. *No coins, please!*

Missionary Mail

April, 1939

"I live at Haines House in Alaska"

Recognizing a Challenge

ALLAN H. FRANK

Photo: Joseph M. Elkins

Haines House has many "Goggles"

THE WORDS echoed distinctly and then more faintly as small figures raced towards the cove. At the Beach road they halted, eager and anticipative. Small fingers pointed uncertainly while many sharp eyes followed the moving fingers. Benny first spied it, and almost simultaneously he and Butch re-echoed the cry, "Thar she blows!" Active bodies shoved and jostled to gain a vantage point, children of mixed bloods — Aleut, Haida, Thlinget, Russian, Chinese, Japanese, Tsimpshean, and white — all spectators at a great show. Phineas Barnum and all his coterie of performers could not have elicited more rapt attention.

"Mr. Whale" accommodated with a series of maneuvers and numerous "blowings" as though it were a command performance. Only the sound of the wash-up bell tore them from the spot near where, on innumerable occasions, whales, seals, and porpoises had cavorted in the waters of Lynn Canal, just to please Haines House kiddies. Five minutes later grace had been said and a happy mealtime followed, interspersed with many versions of the whale episode.

Had a casual observer projected himself into this picture he would have concluded that here was institutional care at its best — the nearest approach possible to normal home living. Yet those of us who work in this situation are always conscious that even at Haines House institutional living can never be family living. For this reason alone life here cannot, must not, be empty. Rich, full days must compensate for an obvious lack. Celebration of calendar holidays is not enough for pleasurable anticipation. Birthday anniversaries, beach parties, hiking, trips to the woods, eulachon netting, salmon fishing, rides to the Canadian border, week ends at Rainbow Glacier Camp, swimming, bicycling, basketball, ice and roller skating, tobogganing — plenty of active, wholesome play, some directed, some free — all serve a definite need. In spite of all this, there is the constant and legitimate demand of "What do we do next?" This is their substitute for the normal life to which they are entitled but are being denied.

Though it is true that work never infringes on the playtime period at Haines House, there is a work time that must be observed. Here, as in any normal home situation, are routine chores: rabbits to be fed, snow shoveled, dishes washed, bread baked, ironing done, and gardens planted and cultivated.

Children choose and pursue their own hobbies. Some are being instructed in sketching and painting; the older boys have been trained to handle a rifle and enjoy target practice. Norman excels in carving models in wood. Chuck and Eileen have shown musical ability and are members of the public school band. Chuck has just become the proud owner of a brand new golden trumpet. He has some knowledge of piano, organ, accordion, saxophone, and clarinet, and dreams of a place for himself in the music world.

No attempt is made to fit all the children into a single mold. Billy is just completing a fifth year of perfect attendance in the Haines public school. Paul was voted the outstanding basketball player in the current junior basketball league. Marie and Patricia rate straight "A's" in competition with their classmates. Walter won a merit badge in Explorer Scouting for his Haines House project in rabbitry.

Where special help is needed for school progress, evening instruction is given. All

twenty-four of our boys belong to a live scout organization that boasts of the only drum and bugle corps in the Territory. Boys and girls are encouraged to take part in all worthwhile activities in the community.

In writing an article on Haines House, one finds oneself in the same quandary as Freddie, one of the newcomers to the home. He is a nine-year-old who, since September, has mastered two grades and is well on his way through a third. Pointing to a list of two-syllable words that he was diligently attempting to accentuate, he remarked: "I'm having trouble with 'dese.' I don't know on which side to holler the loudest."

TODAY, when there is concern everywhere about the instability of the home, Haines House is making a concerted effort to see that the children entrusted to them do not grow up in a spiritual vacuum. Realizing that these are the child's formative years, staff members are well aware of the importance of an environment where children can grow in the knowledge and the love of God.

Morning devotions — sometimes adult-led, but often child-conducted — precede departure for school. Grace at table, evening devotions in small dormitory groups, Christian education classes, a satisfying young people's program in the local Church, and active participation by many in one of the four church choirs — all these are provided. Excellent religious training is available under Presbyterian Church sponsorship at Rainbow Glacier summer camp. The opportunities for spiritual growth are not only here but are being utilized.

There is always sweeping to be done

Photo: Joseph M. Elkins

Food, clothing, shelter — these are basic requirements, but Haines House must offer something beyond these if we can justify the concern and giving of the Church as a whole to our work.

Bentz Plagemann in his *Education of a Father* relates in his inimitable way the story of Goggle, a delightful ten-year-old — "lovable, wary, complete with scabby knees, and a quick one, two punch." Haines House is a story of many Goggles, effervescent, noisy youth, full of growing pains, and probably not too different from the boys and girls in your own or your neighbor's home — just less fortunate.

IF OUR STORY ended here it would be a bright one, but every Haines House child is not a Goggle. Some of these children have lived in situations that have left emotional scars. To eradicate these requires a special type of care. In-service training under the direction of our capable caseworker is already underway.

Realizing that the present buildings are inadequate for the health and safety of the children housed here, the Board has recently approved planning for the erection of three new cottages and the complete renovation of one of the two present large, frame buildings. (Funds for one of these cottages were raised by Presbyterian women in 1951 as part of their Opportunity Giving.) This is indicative of the forward look to a greatly enriched service at Haines House.

In the interim we must go on, rendering help because here is a human need. We shall continue to provide a home where children can freely and frankly discuss their difficulties — religious or otherwise — a place where they can be sure that they will be taken seriously and will find sympathetic understanding. We shall continue to accept each newcomer as he is; and with patience and affection help him to develop the best that is in him. What security we can offer will be offered. If we can better his chances

(*Continued on page 154*)

Review of *The Christ of the Korean Heart,* by Arch Campbell

THE IMPACT of the Korean Church on the American visitor is one of the amazing results of Christian work in our time. No one who has seen the Korean Church in action during these distressing years has been quite the same since. Church leaders, missionary executives, chaplains, laymen, and many G. I.'s have all returned with almost breathless concern to tell what God is doing in Korea. A visit to Korea can be a spiritual experience for all of us.

The next best thing to such a visit is to read *The Christ of the Korean Heart.* Dr. Campbell has not tried to argue the case. He has simply presented seventeen case histories from Korea. Here we actually see the Christians who have been through suffering and persecution. And here we see also the faith that has triumphed over all.

The first chapter sets the stage. In it is the story of an ordination service in a refugee Presbytery. It had been a great Presbytery, north of the 38th parallel. Now its churches are gone and the remnant of the Presbytery is in south Korea. Many of its pastors have been carried off to the north and its people now meet in little packing-box or tent churches in refugee camps.

Three young men were being ordained. They were from the few who had escaped the communist draft for the red invasion army by hiding for months in holes in the ground or in caves in the mountains. First century rugged faith and fearless zeal were there. After the ordination prayer and the solemn laying on of hands came "the charge to the new ministers." A veteran pastor of more than seventy, who had suffered beatings and imprisonments by both Japanese and communists, and a hairbreadth escape, all taken in stride, gave the charge. First a few words about the responsibilities of the ministry and the need of complete consecration, then he took the hand of each young man at a time, looking straight into his eyes, and with tears coursing down his own weather-beaten cheeks, and in a voice shaking with emotion,challenged: "Faithful . . . unto . . . death!" "Faithful . . . unto . . . death!" "Faithful . . . unto . . . death!"

This is only one of the true stories in the book. They thrust the reader into disturbed and troubled Korea, but they give him hope also that faith can find a way. You must read it. Only $2 at your P.D.S.

John Coventry Smith, D.D.

From a Fraternal Worker's Scrapbook

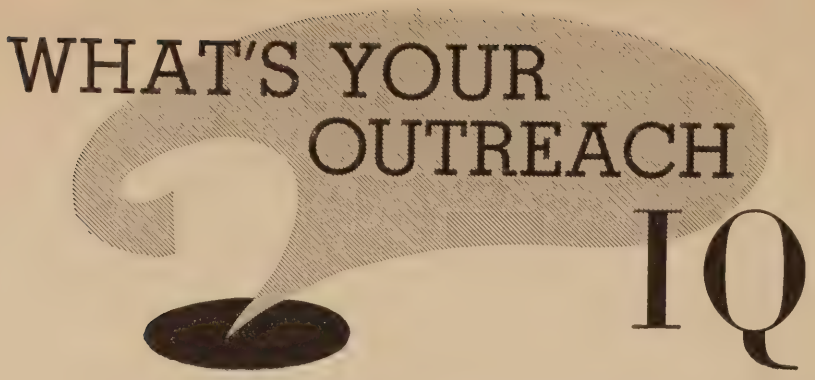
(Continued from page 142)

radiance, the splendor of triumph over death and sin, the joy, the peace beyond all human understanding! In this spirit we reach out to you, our friends, our loved ones, our partners in prayer and in the victorious hymn of praise for Him who shall be Lord throughout all eternity.

{Mr. and Mrs. Jorge Quismundo are missionaries from the United Church of Christ, the Philippines, stationed in Indonesia. Mrs. Quismundo was recently in this country, visiting among U. S. church women.}

Changes in Prayer Calendar for May

The following missionaries are on furlough:
May 2 — The Rev. and Mrs. Glen Johnson
May 3 — The Rev. and Mrs. Edward Daub
May 14 — Marion Alice Shaw
May 22 — The Rev. and Mrs. Robert Rice
May 25 — Edna M. Lawrence, R.N.



We dropped the Outreach I Q page a few issues ago, thinking our readers might have tired of it. Because of the many requests that we carry it again, it is being restored as of this issue. Answers will appear next month.

1. Name three professions I.C.U. girls wish to follow.
2. Where did a Fellowship Team visit?
3. Whom did one woman's gift finally help?
4. What was a little boy's trouble with two-syllable words?
5. What is taught at vacation church school?
6. What does "neighbor" mean to Christians?
7. Locate the Marina Neighborhood House.
8. How many nationalities are represented at I.C.U.?
9. What is "The Spirit of 1896?"
10. Where did "Mr. Whale" perform?
11. Who will attend an international work camp in Indonesia this summer?
12. Name some Haines House hobbies.
13. Where was the Clara Hazen Day Nursery established?
14. Why did a little boy ask for a part in a Sunday service?
15. Tell about a Home beautification contest.
16. Why is the challenge now greater at Truchas Mission?

Recognizing a Challenge

(Continued from page 140)

for a happier journey through this life, we shall do that.

And so Haines House continues its services, training youth toward a more satisfying citizenship — a citizenship perhaps for our forty-ninth state — but assuredly a citizenship in the Kingdom of God.

{Mr. Frank is director of Haines House, operated under the Board of National Missions at Haines, Alaska.}

Together

(Continued from page 152)

from place to place to organize reading classes. She herself learned to read in one, and she now not only reads very well but can also lead the singing and make a good speech.

"Two boys from the upper class have expressed a desire to study for the ministry. Much credit can go to this year's head teacher, a fine Christian man who gives unsparingly of his time. He and his brothers were raised by Mr. and Mrs. Harris.

"My mornings are spent teaching six men who plan to go out as evangelists. Four of them have physical handicaps; one of them stutters. I can only pray the prayer of Jesus, 'I thank thee Father that thou hast hid it from the wise and revealed it unto babes.' Four of them have had a fair basic education, and they all invariably pray that the teacher's cup will overflow into theirs. In the afternoons, I supervise the reading class taught by these men."

A DREAM COMES TRUE

FLORENCE HAYES

DID you ever have a dream come true? Well, I did. It was a day dream, not the kind you have at night when you have eaten too much candy. But my dream came true, and I didn't have to pinch myself to know that at last I wasn't dreaming, either.

For a long time I had been daydreaming that some time I would go to Alaska to visit Haines House and Barrow. And then one day last May, there I was at Haines House! And one day last June there I was at Barrow!

Suppose I tell you about Haines House first. We went to Haines on a boat called the SJS, built by the boys at Sheldon Jackson School. That's the Presbyterian school for big boys and girls from all over Southeastern Alaska, and from Haines, too. Well, we reached Haines just about breakfast time. But it didn't do us much good to get there so early, for the tide was out and our boat was not high enough to reach the ladder fastened to the wharf. And when Alaskan tides go out, they GO OUT! Sometimes you wonder if they will ever come back. But they do.

Meanwhile Miss Lawrence, director of Haines House, sat up on the wharf wondering what we were going to be like. She hadn't seen us before. And some boys and girls were lying flat on the wharf, looking down at us. They were wondering, too.

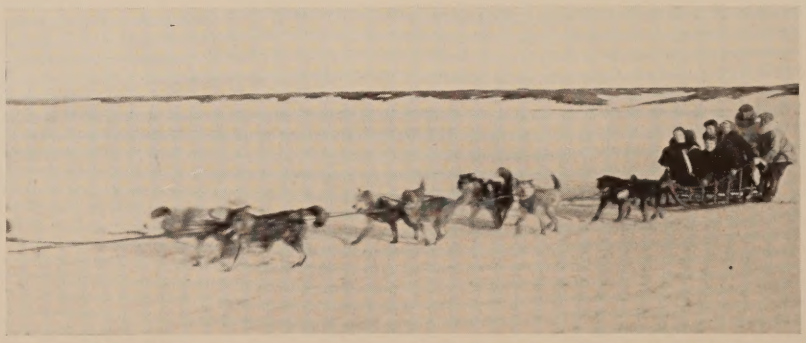
At last we found ourselves at Haines House. And what a time we had! We saw the boys and girls working, playing, eating, taking their cod liver oil, sitting in church, singing, driving home the cows, working in the gardens, and doing all the things we had read about. We even saw Jacob, Abner, and Paul getting their baths in little tubs.

Of course, we saw their pets: a canary and two puppies. We saw a little boy playing he was fishing, using a peanut shell for a "sinker." Then there was Abner, or was it Paul, who could beat all his little friends playing marbles. And there was a puppy, which belonged to Mr. Wheeler, the pastor at Haines church, that licked the soapsuds off the boys' feet as they were bathing.

There isn't much room to tell you about Barrow, but that was fun, too. Hundreds of Eskimo friends came to our plane to see what we looked like.

Flossie George, who used to go to Sheldon Jackson School, but who now lives back at Barrow, took us for a dog sled ride one night, with the sun still out around midnight. We rode over the ice toward the North Pole, but we couldn't find it, so we rode back to the village and went to sleep.

There isn't room to tell you more, but if I haven't told you enough to make you see that dreams sometimes do come true, I'd just like to know!



Miss Lawrence of Haines in front at the right, Mrs. Klerekoper, at the left

coats all in readiness for the great day. The lunch, too, must be prepared and packed the day before, lunch for fifty hungry folks for two meals. This year there were some extra goodies, as friends had made us a gift just for that occasion. Strange to relate it wasn't a bit hard to waken even the sleepiest head at four o'clock that morning. Soon breakfast was over, dishes washed, and all were on the boat ready for the first part of the trip.

Before we realized it we were at Skagway, hurrying up the long dock and piling into the train, but not before the boys who were having their first view of an engine had looked that wonder over from end to end. Then a four-hour ride, up the mountain, through tunnels, with frequent views of the old trail of '98.

"Hope he hurries before the girls catch me sewing"

At last we were there and ready, too, for that lunch. There were berries to pick, and a visit was made to the old historic church built by our own Dr. S. Hall Young in the days of the gold rush. But perhaps the most popular sight was the switch engine which made frequent appearances always with a group of eager boys as close as they were permitted to get. Before long it was time for a hasty lunch and we started on our homeward way, a tired but happy group of boys and girls.

It is not only the end of a happy summer that we dread but because then we must send our four oldest girls on to the Sheldon Jackson School at Sitka. It has been most interesting to watch these girls develop from little tots to almost young ladyhood, to see how efficient they are in their household tasks, and how dependable with the younger children. It is difficult to remember how one looked when she came to us with her sisters because her mother had neglected them, or another who was brought to us by a neighbor after her mother had deserted her. We hope that they, like many others, will always remember Haines House as a place where they spent a happy childhood and, too, where they learned to know and to love the Heavenly Father.

"Well, he said 'blow!' didn't he?"

In a letter which has just come from Miss Lawrence she says, "The children start back to school this week, which is a good sign that summer is over. It has been so cold and rainy that we have had few picnics and berry pickings this summer. We will miss the berries next winter, too.

"Twelve went to Juneau for tonsillectomies, but all are up now.

"We miss the three girls who have gone to Sheldon Jackson, nor will the new ones we are expecting fill their places in our affections, but no doubt they will be equally interesting."

fast. The main difference was clothes—the same coat for most everyone, but I could see Sunday dresses underneath. You may wonder how I knew so much. (I have overheard folks say I was a smart dog.) Well, I did know, and Sunday mornings I always felt sad. I sometimes took it very well, but as a rule when the church bell rang I howled.

Sunday afternoon all was bright again. After dinner I ran upstairs to see if the girls were going walking. How did I know they walked on Sunday? Oh, that was easy! They had candy for dinner on Sunday and a walk goes with that. Sometimes Miss Farquharson had on a leather coat or hiking boots. Anyway, I could tell, and I did not need to wait to hear the whistles blow. I was always ready and barking my loudest. Such good times as we always had! In summer we often went to the beach to throw stones and sticks in the water. The woods, too, had many attractions, blueberries, huckleberries, and flowers of all kinds. I was especially fond of the blueberries which the children gave me in great handfuls. I did not have to clean my mouth with high bush cranberries, either, for I soon learned to be tidy in my eating.

One Sunday when I was quite old, I really should have stayed at home, but would not. The result was I could not get home. I stayed in a nice shady front yard about half a mile away. They brought the car for me. The children were all very kind to me. I did not learn by this experience for I wanted to go the next time.

I loved picnics and always went when I was not tied up. This only happened when the picnic was to be far away, like Martin's ranch or Lake Bennett. Lake Bennett is a long way from here and you go first by boat and then on a train, leaving very early in the morning. Miss Ellen sometimes stayed home these days because she was tired after getting the lunch ready. She would untie me after everyone was gone. It was always a very quiet, lonesome day. I was glad to hear the Fornance whistle telling me the family was back.

I had one very bad habit of which I was not very proud. This habit was chasing cars. Somehow I could not break myself of it, often as I was spoken to. I was told over and over it was dangerous but I was quick and always felt smart when I chased a car successfully. I did it very often, too.

* * *

Pal kept up this bad habit of chasing cars until one day he was caught under the back wheel of Miss Lawrence's car and was quickly killed. Haines House lost a true friend.

Do You Know—

1. From what country the United States purchased Alaska?
2. The names of the Indian tribes in this territory?
3. Whether the greater number of native Alaskans are Indian or Eskimo?
4. What mineral was discovered in such quantities that men flocked to Alaska to search for it?
5. The names of the animals to be found here?
6. For what fish Alaska is famous?
7. The most popular means of travel in Barrow?
8. What two months of the year the sun goes completely out of sight in northern Alaska?
9. Where Alaskan ivory comes from?
10. Where Haines House is located?

I could tell when they were going walking

LITTLE JOURNEY TO A SIAMESE HOME

IN SIAM the houses stand on long, long legs, so that even in the rainy season the living rooms are kept high and dry. Heavy palm leaves, woven and matted together, make a good, snug roof whose slanting sides let the water run off quickly.

There are often only three rooms in a Siamese home. First comes the "parlor." Here there are a few mats for visitors to sit on. In the center of the floor is a bowl of *betel* nuts. These nuts are chewed like chewing gum. They are passed to company as we would offer a box of candy.

Next is the bedroom. Here we find a narrow mattress and a hard pillow for each member of the family. Though there are many openings in the walls of the house, there are no screens. Because of this each bed has a coarse cotton netting hanging over it to keep out the mosquitoes.

The third room is the kitchen. When the mother is cooking dinner the air is full of smoke because there is no chimney to let it escape. The Siamese family sit on the floor around their four-inch-high table. Everyone eats rice from a bowl on the floor in front of him. A large dish of stew or curry is placed on the little table, then the family dip into it with their fingers. After the meal each one washes his own plate and stands it upside down in some corner of the kitchen. There are wide cracks between the floor boards and the bowls drain in their places until the next meal. These cracks make housekeeping very easy. It is only necessary to sweep the floor with a bunch of grass and all the dirt falls right through! The chickens and pigs, which live under the house, eat any stray kernels of rice that come their way.

If you were to pay a call on a Siamese family, to get into their home you would have to climb a ladder made of bamboo.

URSULA HEINOLD.